

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending last Saturday was

5,700

copies, the largest circulation of any daily paper in Vermont outside of Burlington.

A moist day in sympathy with Montpelier.

"Next station is Brookfield; Brookfield next station. Leave no packages in the car."

Back from a winter's sojourn in the South, the editor of the Newport Express and Standard takes a look at Vermont and declares "All things are for the best." The editor's resigned spirit is soothing.

It is worthy of consideration that the city of Manchester, N. H., which has an automobile fire truck, decided last week to purchase a horse-drawn truck as the latest acquisition to the city's fire-fighting equipment.

A gun, an axe, a human fist and a wooden club were the implements of destruction and intended destruction in four tragedies in southern Vermont during the past month. There are a few agencies of death not tried out.

Anent the Powell-Woodbury hotel war in Burlington, the Randolph Herald recalls that Max L. Powell, the plaintiff, was secretary of civil and military affairs for Governor U. A. Woodbury, a defendant in the hotel case. Perhaps the governor taught Max to be militant then.

The main thoroughfare between Barre and Montpelier resembles a bog in some places; but the strips of permanent roadway which the two municipalities built on either end of Berlin's strip came out in good shape. If the same construction was carried on in Berlin, it would be fine.

It would have been better if Morrisville could have secured an out-of-the-state granite concern to locate in its village without robbing Hardwick, but this game of securing industries knows no state loyalty and the competition may be keen even among neighborhood communities.

All these backyard fires of the last few days must have meant that Barre people were anticipating the general cleaning-up of premises, which was recommended by the state board of health on May 1. Still, if there are a few who haven't followed out the recommendation there is yet time.

A STATE ORNITHOLOGIST.

The selection of C. D. Howe of Essex Junction to be state ornithologist is well made, for there are few persons in Vermont who are so well fitted by natural inclination and years of study as Mr. Howe is. He is a graduate of the university of Vermont and has long been engaged in the teaching profession, during which time he has kept up a more or less intimate association with bird lore and other studies of nature. Those people of Vermont who come in contact with the new state ornithologist will find him an accomplished and affable gentleman. It might be mentioned that his twin brother holds a professorship of forestry in a Canadian university, while an older brother has a very important position in nature courses in Columbia university.

The position of state ornithologist is an office of recent growth, it having been created by act of the last legislature, by which the appointment to the office is made by the state commissioner of agriculture to be held at the latter's will and with no salary. The chief material value of the department may come in the dissemination of bird knowledge for the protection of crops, but the less material benefit of fostering interest in the study of birds for itself will be counted as rather important also. State Ornithologist Howe will probably find himself called upon frequently to give lectures on bird life, the calls coming from clubs and schools largely.

THE SOLID FIRE WALL CONSTRUCTION.

If any one thing was proven more conclusively than another in the terrible fire catastrophe, which befell Bangor, Me., last night, it was the value of a modern fire wall between contiguous buildings. After the flames had ranged here and there for three hours, despite the efforts of the firemen of several cities, it was left for a fire wall to be the most powerful agency in preventing the complete destruction of the city. As the fire spread out like a mushroom, it was particularly hard to conquer because the efforts of the fire fighters had to be scattered over a wide territory. Eastward from the starting point of the fire, the flames made rapid progress. Westward from the same point the flames were marching in the same deadly certainty until they came to one of those powerful agencies of modern fire protection—the solid wall erected between buildings. Knowing the nature of the construction, the firemen concentrated their efforts at this single point. They stopped the westward progress of the fire at that point. Beyond the fire wall

lay a great many buildings practically defenseless. Had it not been for this bit of foresight in construction, Bangor's blow would have been far heavier, terrible although it was even then. When municipalities and individual owners of buildings in thickly built districts contemplate this lesson will they not be more careful? It costs somewhat more to build a solid wall between buildings, and, therefore, the rate of interest on the property may be a trifle lessened in consequence; but the benefits in crises like that which Bangor faced last night are incalculable. Time after time we hear of threatening fires being stopped by the interposition of solid walls; the Bangor experience drives home the truth of the lesson.

Current Comment

Vermont's Insurance.

The Vermont state buildings at Montpelier have been offered for fire insurance to private companies, and there is lively competition among them for the business. Vermont has a population of 356,000, which represents the area over which the burden of fire loss to the state buildings is distributed when no insurance is carried. It will not be a wider but a very much narrower spread of the risk burden which is now contemplated, and the state will pay for it all and then some. It looks as though some gentlemen from the rural districts had been in conference with the persuasive tongues of a crowd of fire insurance agents—Springfield Republican.

It's All in the Viewpoint.

Of course every granite man will say that his location is the best possible for the production of granite, but just to show how strongly any one will shut out everything by their own idea:

"When one speaks of granite, the mind naturally reverts to Vermont," says the Chicago Tribune. For goodness' sake, why? We are going to invite that Chicago man to Concord the day the historical society building is dedicated and send him home by way of Washington, with the request that he look at the congressional library. Then, if his mind does not naturally revert to Concord, N. H., when one speaks of granite, we will be even more surprised than we are now over his Vermont idea.—Concord Monitor.

Pooh! Pooh! Did you ever see a real granite quarry? Come over to Barre and see why the Chicago Tribune got that impression. Your Concord, your Milford, your Fitzwilliam et al. quarries would look like a pale ray of sunlight as compared with the full burst of the orb's splendor.—Barre Times.

Steady there now, you people up there in New Hampshire and Vermont. What's the matter with Massachusetts and Quincy granite? Did you never hear of the Bunker Hill monument—and a few others, to say nothing of buildings all over the country?—Quincy Ledger.

And a Rion quarryman writes as follows: "Say, what's the matter with you fellows, do you all belong to the Know-Nothing party? If you want to see the finest quarries in the world, come to Rion, S. C."—From American Stone Trade.

Jingles and Jest

IN 1950.

It was an aged pensioner who stopped me on the street; "See here," he says, "my teeth are gone—it's hard for me to eat; I lost 'em breakin' hardback—twas no job that I chose—"

In the year nineteen 'leven, where the Rio Grande flows, "My digestion was plumb ruined in that long and hard campaign; I et strawberry shortcake till all doct'nin' was in vain; It was tough to be a soldier, you c'n take my word or no, In the year of nineteen 'leven, on the edge of Mexico."

"This arm of mine was injured—it has never been the same— A-writ'ed endless postcards to the home folks—and I claim There never was campaignin' that was half so hard on men As the row of nineteen 'leven, jest a follerin' nineteen ten."

It was an aged pensioner, who wept the while he talked, And limped like Rip Van Winkle when finally he walked; For he'd injured both his ankles—they had rusted from disuse— In the war of nineteen 'leven, when the Diaz cinch came loose, —Denver Republican.

Incomplete.

"There is nothing in my play to bring a blush to anybody's cheek," said the author.

"Well," replied the producer, "bring the manuscript around when you get it finished."—Washington Star.

A Taste.

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—Toledo Blade.

Cause of the Delay.

"Why is your friend staying so long to New York?"

"I don't know—haven't heard which of the two reasons is keeping him."

"Which of the two?"

"Yes, whether he is having too good a time to come away or has spent all his money and can't get away."—Buffalo Express.

The Borrowing Neighbor.

"Say, John, yer haven't been over ter my home since my birthday gatharin', jest a year ago ter morrow."

"It ain't that I have hard feelin's ag'in you, but you have so confounded many things what belongs ter me when I come it kind o' makes me homesick."—Pittsburg Times.

Mistaken Identity.

Walking down St. James' street, Lord Chelmsford was accosted by a stranger, who exclaimed, "Mr. Birch, I believe?"



Just hear the sailor's horn pipe!

The little sailor princes of England are very popular and everybody agrees that the sailor suit is the most becoming thing a small boy can wear—no other style lasts like it.

Long and short trouser suits.

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We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.

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The Big Store with Little Prices.

WOOL, SILK AND LINEN.

Tests That Will Determine the Quality of the Fabrics.

If you wish to find out whether the material sold to you as all wool or all silk is really so make a 5 per cent solution of caustic potash and in this boil your sample of silk or wool. If the entire sample is consumed in the boiling your material is what it pretends to be: if there is a residue that residue is cotton. The caustic solution consumes the animal fibers.

If you wish to find out whether the silk that seems to be heavy silk is weighted with mineral burn the sample and the ash will show you how much mineral weighting there is. The pure silk will be wholly consumed.

In buying supposed linen goods of toweling or suiting, dip your sample into concentrated sulphuric acid for two minutes and wash it out carefully. The cotton will have been consumed, the linen will have resisted the action of the acid. This test is one that should be made with precaution, as vitriol is not a thing to be tampered with.—Mary Heaton Vorse in Success Magazine.

Sailing is So Interesting.

The lady was reading a nautical novel. She struggled along bravely for a few minutes, but finally had to appeal to her husband.

"Gerald," she said, "the author says that the boat was sailing 'wing and wing.' What does that mean? I've been on a yacht, but I never heard that before."

"That means," answered Gerald, rejoicing in the fact that he, too, had spent several hours on a sailing vessel—"that means that the schooner had her mains' out to port and her fores' out to starboard, or vice versa."

"Oh, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just like a chicken—a wing on each side. And now I understand why they call those little sails in the middle 'jibs.' It's short for 'jiblets,' of course. Isn't sailing interesting?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Gentle and Nice.

"You have no idea," said Ethel, "how my poor head hurts me."

"Well," said her friend, "why don't you take your hair off and rest it?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Golden.

The power of speech is a gift vouchsafed to man alone, and the effect of it is to render silence, perhaps the grandest thing in all the world, a bore to him.—Puck.



The Todesca-Keating Trio at the Pavilion.

This is undoubtedly one of the great acts now before the public, their work is a series of the most sensational, difficult, and daring, triple acrobatic feats while mounted on a bicycle, building up on each others' shoulders, three high, the lady occupying the topmost position, some of the work done by them is not even attempted by any other bicycle performers. They are without doubt one of the finest acts ever offered to the patrons of the Pavilion.

It May Not Be Pleasing

to have your attention called to what will happen if you die uninsured, but it is practical and necessary. There is solid comfort in having made sure provision for the welfare of your family if deprived of you.

National Life Insurance Co. of Vermont. S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence building, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

Barre granite quarries with about 150 acres quarry land for sale. Worth investigating.



The Best Plan

for saving money is to fix on a certain amount that you should save each week or month and then deposit that amount in The Peoples National Bank of Barre as soon as

you get your wages.

We are open Monday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock to accommodate those who cannot leave their work in usual banking hours.

A Home Savings Bank loaned with a deposit of \$1.00.

The Peoples National Bank

of Barre, Worthen Block.

A Sudden Transformation

By R. W. KEENAN

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I went from America to South Africa, leaving my wife and children at home. I was run down in health, discouraged and felt that the only way to pluck up courage and get on my feet was to light out, leave all cares behind me and strike a new field. My wife's father—an excellent man, by the way—agreed to take care of my family till I could send for them or return to them restored in health and pluck.

I left America sick and disheartened. A man sick is usually a man disheartened, and when he is obliged to go away by himself to recover his health he feels as if the bottom has dropped out of his life. I never expected to see my family again. However, the sea voyage helped me, and by the time I reached Africa I felt able to do something for myself.

I went to work in the Kimberley diamond mines, where I learned to tell a diamond when I saw it, no matter if it was in the rough. One day in walking across a field I saw one and recognized it at once. It was as big as a small English walnut and about the same shape. I pounced upon it, looked it over and, sure I was right about it being a diamond, put it in my pocket. Even if of a poor grade it would make me rich.

I made up my mind to return to America with my find. So, procuring a little chamol skin bag, I put the diamond in it, first marking my name on the bag in ink. Then I took a traveling wagon for the coast.

There were half a dozen of us traveling together, but only two of my fellow passengers attracted my attention. One was a big, rough looking man, who sat beside me, noticeable for his villainous appearance. The other was a little man in the garb of a curate of the English church. He was reading his prayer book most of the time, seeming to be only interested in holy matters, a typical British parson of the inferior grade, one of those miserable creatures who for some dirty work done a lord gets a living, though this one, being in Africa, it appeared more likely that he was a missionary clergyman.

I hadn't been sitting long by the big, rough man, whose accent marked him for a Yorkshire man, when I thought of my diamond, which was in one of my pockets next to him. I clapped my hand on the place where it should be, and, lo, it was gone!

I knew it had passed into the possession of the Yorkshireman. But what was I to do? I was unarmed, and I could see the butt of his pistol extending from his hip pocket. I looked over the passengers to see if there was one I should rely on to help me in case I should accuse the man and claim my property. But two of them were women, and the men in the coach, except the two I have mentioned, were weakly chaps, who appeared to have very little stuff in them. There seemed nothing for me to do but wait till we got to the end of the route, keep the man in sight at all hazards and take my chances for an opportunity to recover my diamond. This I decided on and did not show by word or act that I had been robbed.

The opportunity came sooner than I looked for it. Suddenly the wagon was stopped by a single man, who ordered us all out and to line up, as road agents do in western America. Only the curate refused, and he appeared to do so from abject cowardice. Retreating to a far corner, he begged the robber not to kill him.

The robber threatened to do so if he didn't get out at once, but the clergyman only whimpered and covered his face with his hands. The robber, transferring his revolver to his left hand, entered the wagon, seized the little man by the collar with his right hand and was pulling him out when a sharp crack rang out and the robber fell back out of the wagon dead.

If there was any life left in him it was knocked out by the curate, who jumped on him with both feet. I never saw a small man grow big so quickly in my life. The next thing he did was to plant his fist under the jaw of the Yorkshireman, who, recovering from the surprise of the episode, was putting his hand to his hip for his revolver. The big man did not have time to get up before the curate

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Music by Elmore's orchestra.

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The above includes all of the much-wanted styles and materials.

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